

The Book Club of California

Quarterly

NEWS-LETTER



VOLUME XXXIII

FALL 1968

NUMBER FOUR

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The Book Club of California

FOUNDED in 1912, The Book Club of California is a non-profit association of book-lovers and collectors who have a special interest in Pacific Coast history, literature, and fine printing. Its chief aims are to further the interests of book collectors and to promote an understanding and appreciation of fine books.

The Club is limited to 875 members. When vacancies exist membership is open to all who are in sympathy with its aims and whose applications are approved by the Board of Directors. Regular membership involves no responsibilities beyond payment of the annual dues. Dues date from the month of the member's election. Regular membership is \$18.00; Sustaining, \$30.00; Patron, \$100.00.

Members receive the *Quarterly News-Letter* and all parts of the current Keepsake series. They have the privilege, but not the obligation, of buying the Club publications, which are limited, as a rule, to one copy per member.

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Extra copies of Keepsakes or *News-Letters*, when available, are sold to members at 50c each. Membership dues and contributions (including books or documents at current market value, suitable for the Club's library) are deductible in computing income taxes.

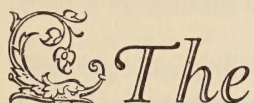
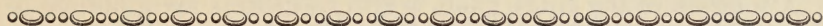
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President's Page*

Thanks to the continued support of its members and the dedicated service of its volunteer committees, our Club has successfully completed its fifty-fifth year. Our hard-working Publications Committee, with Warren R. Howell as Chairman, supervised the publication of three books, all of which were selected by the Rounce & Coffin Club for inclusion in the Western Books Exhibition: Heinrich Künzel's *Upper California*, printed by Mallette Dean and James E. Beard; David Kindersley's *Mr Eric Gill*, printed by Ward Ritchie; and Kenneth M. Johnson's *The Sting of "The Wasp,"* printed by the Plantin Press. Plans for the 1968 publications program are well under way: they include a biography of the Book Club's first President, Edward Robeson Taylor, by Kenneth M. Johnson; and a Holinshed leafbook by Stephen Booth. Members will be reading more about these publications in forthcoming issues of the *Quarterly News-Letter*.

The 1967 Keepsake series, *Homes of California Authors*, was edited by John A. Hussey and Dr. Albert Shumate, and designed by Jack Werner Stauffacher of the Greenwood Press. It proved to be one of the most popular series the Club has issued. I would like to thank James D. Hart also for his invaluable assistance on this project. We look forward with anticipation to the 1968 series, which will be devoted to invitations for early California parties and balls from the

*This report was delivered by retiring President Olmsted at the Annual Meeting of the Book Club on March 19. Lack of space prevented its inclusion in the Summer issue.

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extensive collection of Club member M. C. Nathan, who is writing the accompanying texts.

On behalf of the entire Club, I wish to express my gratitude to David Magee, who has persevered for so many years in the often thankless job of Editor-in-Chief of the *Quarterly News-Letter*. And before I leave the subject of publications, I would like to encourage all Club members to call the attention of the Board, or the appropriate committee, to any material that might be suitable for a book, or a Keepsake series, or a *News-Letter* article.

The Club maintains a continuous series of exhibits, and here again members' suggestions are welcome. During the past year the Exhibit Committee, under the chairmanship of William P. Barlow, Jr., installed seven shows: Productions from Stanbrook Abbey Press; San Francisco Contemporary Hand Bookbinders; Heinrich Künzel's *Upper California*; The History of the West in Book Club Publications (in honor of the Western History Association's convention); David Kindersley's *Mr Eric Gill*; Kenneth M. Johnson's *The Sting of "The Wasp"*; and Western Books 1968. The House Committee, chaired by Frieda Ferguson, arranged open houses in connection with the three exhibits honoring Club publications.

I would like to urge members in the Bay area, and visitors to San Francisco, to spend some time in the Club's library. With the proceeds of previous auctions, and the donations of interested members, the Library Committee under the direction of Albert Sperisen is building up a unique collection of books illustrating the history of publishing, plus examples of fine printing and private press works. Reports of these acquisitions will continue to appear in the *News-Letter*.

At the March Board meeting the Board voted to raise the regular dues from \$15 to \$18 and the sustaining dues from \$25 to \$30, to take effect on April 1. This was deemed necessary because of the Club's increasing expenses.


In conclusion, I would like to thank Michael Harrison, Treasurer for the past year, and Peter Sloss, Membership Chairman for the past four years, for their service to the Club. And I am sure that I speak for all the Directors, as well as for myself, when I thank Mrs. Dorothy Whitnah, our hard-working and efficient Executive Secretary, for her continuing devotion to the many affairs of the Club.

Duncan H. Olmsted

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The Pleasures of Packing A Library

By NORMAN H. STROUSE*

HEN I LEFT San Francisco in October 1942, I had no problem of packing up books, as I had just enlisted in the U.S. Army as a buck private. The best accommodation for books I could anticipate was a lowly foot locker, issued gratis through the generosity of the military authorities.

My decision to disengage from civilian life came suddenly, although it had been stewing around in my mind for some months. The normal impedimenta of civilian living were disposed of quite simply, but the books were a different matter. Although I had been collecting for sixteen years within the limits of a depression-time budget I had a fairly respectable but unpretentious personal library, at the heart of which was an attractive array of Mosher Press items, flanked by a representative scattering of Nash, Grabhorn, Windsor Press, Bruce Rogers and a few examples of other contemporary fine printing. The towering English fine printers were represented by a lonely Doves Press item which I purchased from the early David Magee shop in a financially wanton moment. A fair collection of Jeffers first editions, and some letters of his completed the assemblage.

Newbegin's helped me dispose of everything except the Mosher collection, which I was most reluctant to break up. I gave George Fields a typed listing of the Mosher holdings, with a request that he find a collector who would buy the entire lot intact. He did this promptly, and it was not until long after the War that I finally discovered that the purchaser had been Dr. Elmer Belt, a companion-in-arms during two latter-day Grolier tours to Europe, who meshed my Moshers in with his own distinguished collection. They remain

*Norman H. Strouse is Chairman of the Board of J. Walter Thompson, ardent bibliophile, and long-time member of the Book Club. This article is adapted from a talk given this Spring to the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco. A small excerpt has already been printed by the Book Club of Detroit.

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happy in their second home, I am assured by the good doctor, who is far better known for his massive collection of Leonardo da Vinci material, now one of the stars in the crown of the Library of the University of California, Los Angeles.

My Army career was a migratory one, moving in sequence from Mather Field, California; Camp Barkley, Texas; Washington, D.C.; Sydney and Brisbane, Australia; Hollandia, New Guinea; and finally to Manila. The collecting of books under these conditions not being practical, I marked time and kept my acquisitive instincts active and healthy by assembling a portfolio of coins and stamps of Australasia. These were portable, of course, and after the War I was able to dispose of them at a small profit. I still have about fifty mint Edward VIII one-penny coins issued for Fiji during the brief reign of Wally Simpson's husband, the residue of an impulse purchase from a small coin dealer in Brisbane whose entire stock I bought one noontime when he confessed to me that he was eager to retire to his simple farm on the coast of Queensland.

By November of 1945, I had collected far more points than I needed to qualify for return to the States and gain my discharge from military service, and did so to take on an assignment with my company in Detroit, serving the Ford account. I was released at Camp Beale in time to celebrate Christmas in San Francisco, and New Year's Eve in Detroit, my new "home town."

Those were the days when housing, along with white shirts and Scotch, was hard to come by. I holed in at the old Book-Cadillac, now sadly renamed and promoted by the figure of a traveling businessman with a key plunged into his back and the theme "Unwind at a Sheraton." After unearthing some white shirts from under the counter at J. L. Hudson's through the influence of an ex-Californian who knew his way around in the Motor City, my next step was to locate whatever antiquarian bookshops the city might support. There were disappointingly few I must say, but Alvin Hamer was doing business in the Buhl Building, where our offices were, and convenience and compatibility established a relationship which lasted until his death. He had a limited rare book stock, but enough to take care of my beginning requirements, and he handled my auction commissions. In fact he bid for me at the auction of Thomas Bird Mosher's library in 1948, at which time I was able to far more than replace the Mosher collection that I had sold six years earlier, including several dozen

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Japan vellum copies marked No. 1, and a dozen copies on pure vellum and in boxed unbound sheets. It has been a great pleasure in recent years to commission some of our best contemporary binders to bind these vellum copies for me—Harold Tribolet of Lakeside, George Baer of Cuneo, Roger Powell of England, Florence Walter of San Francisco, Charlotte Ullman of Morgan, and last but not least my captive binder, Charlotte Strouse. Another fine San Francisco binder has had one of these vellums on commission for the past ten or twelve years, but this simply confirms one of Hippocrates' *Aphorisms* that "Life is short and the art long." I trust the vellum is aging gracefully.

My ten years in Detroit involved incessant commuting to New York where most of our creative work on Ford advertising was done, and this brought me into contact with broader sources of bibliosupply, and an opportunity to re-establish contact with my old friends Philip C. Duschnes and Herman Cohen with whom I had dealt largely by correspondence before the War. They had matured considerably and become more affluent during the intervening years, and fortunately, so had I. Meanwhile, Charlie Boesen had moved to Detroit and had located himself conveniently two blocks from my garage, and many an afternoon, on return from Ford, bloody but unbowed, I assuaged my wounds prowling through his remarkable stock, and regenerated my spirit in his back room where there was always a cache of inexpensive whiskey. Traveling the country to meet with Ford dealers also provided an opportunity to renew my acquaintance with David Magee, Warren Howell, the Dawsons, Harry Levinson and Jake Zeitlin.

I found an unexpected source of supply, right at home, through Ben Donaldson, a great Bible collector, Advertising Director of Ford, and ultimately one of the founders of the lively Book Club of Detroit. He received a steady supply of book catalogues from England which he shared with me, and we consolidated our orders under his name, which enhanced his reputation as a volume buyer. Hardly a week went by without a stack of books arriving in his office. His indulgent and interested secretary had the pleasure of opening the packages, examining them and parceling them out between the two of us.

No agency account manager ever had a more understanding client, and I'm sure that some of my professional shortcomings were overlooked in this serendipitous relationship.

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I will never forget one episode in which we pooled our resources to mutual advantage. Warren Howell had written me in 1953 to say that he had a splendid Nuremberg *Chronicle* from the Oscar Sutro collection, and an original Gutenberg Bible leaf in the A. Edward Newton leaf-book context. The price was \$500.00 each, but if I should wish to purchase both items I could have them for \$700.00. I immediately phoned Ben Donaldson, and we agreed to divide the spoils at \$350.00 each, the Bible leaf for him and the "great picture book of the 15th Century", as it was described in my history book in high school, for me. Although these purchases seemed rather rich for our blood at the time, we can now look back with amazement on what a bargain we had.

The German edition of the *Chronicle* is offered in Hertzberger's February 1968 catalogue at \$4170.00; and the Latin edition in Kenneth Nebenzahl's Catalogue 30 at \$3600.00. These prices represent 9.6 times our original costs. For those of you who follow the stock market, the Dow-Jones averages increased only 3.5 times during the same period. In a recent Goodspeed's catalogue the *Chronicle* is referred to as a \$10,000 book, and I suspect that many of us will live to see it offered at that figure.

My library soon outstripped in size and significance the collection I had put together before the war, encouraged by a fully sympathetic wife and family of three children which I had also collected during my first year in Detroit. During this period I was often asked whether I had ever regretted selling my previous collection when I entered the service. My answer was inevitably "No", on the basis that I had at the same time got rid of all my mistakes and had arrived at a well-grounded rationale for the kind of collection I wished to put together. Also, my family had the pleasure of seeing the library grow from its tiny seedling of Book-Cadillac days, and had been just as interested as I in the steady flow of acquisitions.

By the time we moved from Detroit to New York in 1955, the collection numbered about 2200 volumes, and already included a few incunabula and illuminated manuscripts. During the past twelve years it has almost tripled in size, overflowing the ample space of a penthouse library room and into new shelving in living room and bedrooms, and into cabinets, closets—and even my office and a cottage in St. Helena, California, have become colonies to relieve the overpopulation at home, in true Attic fashion. During this period I

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have also given more than a thousand items to various libraries in a valiant attempt to contain the collection within physical limitations, and to spin off special collections that did not relate directly to my main interests.

Now we are faced with a new problem. Our apartment lease expires on September 30th, and our plans involve temporary quarters for a time until our move to California and the building of a permanent home. So we are confronted with the difficult question of how to pack a library which may be substantially in hibernation for a year or two.

Fifty-five hundred books may not seem an impressive number to Morgan, Huntington, or William Andrews Clark, or to many a private collector such as Scheide, Pforzheimer or Lessing Rosenwald. But to one who must act both as collector and librarian, this is a mass of material of no mean proportions. It cannot be packed all at once, under the deadline of the moving van; nor would the possessor be willing to trust the mission to professional packers more accustomed to the normal assemblage of household possessions.

As I contemplated the situation last November, forward planning was the only answer. As nearly as I could calculate, the library would fit into about 200 cartons size 12 x 12 x 24. Anything larger would involve too great a weight with the danger of breaking in handling. Each book would be wrapped and fitted snugly with its companions into a carton, the contents catalogued by title, concise description and value, and the carton marked in sequence from 1 to whatever. Arrangements would be made to store these cartons until ready for the final move West. The storage company would supply me with 20 cartons at a time, and when they were filled, catalogued and numbered they would move into storage, and an additional set of 20 cartons supplied.

You might conclude that this has been a chore of somewhat unrelieved boredom. And so I conceived that it might be at the outset. But it has been in fact an experience of great pleasure and substantial rewards. For the first time I have been able to go through my collection, item by item, recall the circumstances under which I acquired them, the many personal relationships that have been initiated or matured across the years of acquisition, and the rapidly growing value of the rarer items in recent years. It has also enabled me to savor many strong points of the collection, and rediscover many treasures that I had literally lost sight of.

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So it is of the pleasures of packing a library that I wish to tell, rather than the routine drudgery which has turned out to be the least of my concern.

But to tackle the main issue, if everything could be packed at once, or in a matter of two or three days, or even a week, this would permit one to enjoy a library intact right up to the last minute. Progressive packing across a period of ten months requires something else—it requires a grand strategy.

It's as if one were under a directive of disposing of a personal library by a steady process of elimination. One must decide what should go first, what next, and so on. What does one want to be at hand at the very last, so that he can suck the last rare juices of the fruits of a lifetime of collecting? And, finally, what few treasured volumes will go into a small travelling library to slake the persistent thirst of the incorrigible bibliomaniac—something to examine for its rarity, something of beauty to contemplate, something of wisdom dressed in the finest typographical attire for the quiet moment of reflection.

But what comes first? An accumulation of travel books and pictorial and historical books on foreign countries, the harvest of trips to our foreign offices—these are the least necessary for the moment. They can bide their time until we can get settled and begin to experience some twinges of nostalgia for transoceanic jets and foreign shores.

Fiction, essays, biography, history, psychology, philosophy—those staples of a reading library—go into the cartons next, followed closely by art—the Skiras, Art of the World Series, McGraw-Hill's elephantine Encyclopedia of World Art. Most of these are readily available at the public library, on need.

Now for a grand sweep of larger single segments of shelf space—the Lakeside Classics, Limited Editions Club, those enticing *Life* magazine series on Science, Nature and Geography (I was always a sucker for a good direct mail piece!), Great Ages of Man series, Greek Heritage series, topped off with two huge chunks—The Encyclopaedia Britannica and the Great Books of the Western World! No Harvard Classics, by *Dr. Foozlefoot*, as Henry Miller called the legendary Dr. "Five Foot" Elliot.

As I continue to narrow down to the red meat of my library, the decisions become more difficult. I packed the leather spined cases of

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the Book Club of California *Keepsakes* and *Quarterly News-Letters* with reluctance, but not until I had skimmed through all of them and reminded myself of how great a source of pleasure and reference they will be for the future.

Catalogues of libraries, auctions, and antiquarian bookmen came next. I have never saved them all, but only those relating largely to my collections; these have time and again proved to be of value. Some I consider part of the special collections, such as the two marked catalogues of the Mosher sale of 1948, and the several catalogues devoted entirely to the various sales of Robert Louis Stevenson material.

Browsing through old catalogues can be both interesting and the source of frustration. Just think of all the wonderful treasures one might have had a chance at, if only one had collected earlier, or had been sufficiently alert.

For example, for my Stevenson collection I might have added his own copy of *The Works of Horace*, with many marginal notes—over 100 words in his autograph. It was quite evidently a copy which he had used during his last years at school and his first years at Edinburgh University. Price \$70.00 at the Jerome Kern sale of 1929. My dream that I might still someday possess this book at some future auction was abruptly shattered when I visited the Parrish collection of Victorian novels at Princeton just seven weeks ago. As I approached the first case of Stevenson material, my eye went unerringly to the Horace!

Also in the same sale, there was Stevenson's sketch-book used by him on his trip to France in 1878, which included 26 of his delightful original sketches in pencil tinted with a pink wash, and almost all of them with captions in Stevenson's hand. On one page is an original and apparently unpublished prayer, about 100 words. All this for \$45.00. And in the Parke-Bernet sale of Frank J. Hogan's library on January 23, 1945, there appeared the first edition of Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, his mother's own copy with her autographed signature.

However, the Stevenson prices at the Kern sale were by no means typical. In his final burst of bibliomania, the first edition of Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*, for example, brought \$3500. During the past ten years I acquired three of these rare copies (only 58 were printed) for an average of \$500.00 each. Two are in our Carlyle collection at Uni-

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versity of California, Santa Cruz, and the third will undoubtedly turn up in the catalogue of 19th Century English literature which an antiquarian bookman is preparing. He shall for the moment remain nameless.

Another Carlyle item in the Kern sale was *Past and Present*, inscribed to John S. Mill and in turn inscribed to W. T. Thornton. It went for \$900.00. Many years later, it returned to the market in Charlie Boesen's catalogue of the Dr. Samuel Wyllis Bandler collection, Part I, for \$125.00.

It would seem that Carlyle was overpriced in the hectic book speculation of the late 1920's, and substantially underpriced in later years. Only during the past three or four years has this great English author come back into his own, both on campus and among collectors, and the prices have risen rapidly. A first edition of *Sartor Resartus* today ought to be in the neighborhood of \$1500, but this is still less than half of what it sold for in 1929.

E. Millicent Sowerby's new book, *Rare Books And Rare People*, which every book collector ought to read, as much for the anecdotes as for information, recites the sad epilogue to the Jerome Kern sale. Disposed of in January 1929, it netted Kern in the neighborhood of a million and a half dollars. He immediately invested this in the stock market just before the crash and lost everything. Thus, he ended up with neither his books nor his money. Let that be a warning to any bibliophile who is tempted to convert books into anything except books.

It was when I next came to the older series of periodicals about books and printing that my pace of packing slowed down—*The Fleuron*, *The Colophon*, *The Dolphin*, and *The Bookbinder* and *British Bookmaker* of the 1880's and '90's. These represent a truly rich source of reference and research materials whose interest centers on the great Renaissance of printing, binding and bibliography.

For the first time in many years I browsed through the complete collection of *The Colophon*, the long stretch of 20 volumes of the original *Colophon*, and the fits and starts of the several series that followed it. I was impressed with the rich vitality of the original series, and the relative dullness of the later sporadic attempts to capture the spirit of the past. The list of associate editors would bring drool to the lips of the most phlegmatic publisher: Goudy, Duggins, Adler, Updike and Bruce Rogers; Rockwell Kent and Christopher

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Morley; and those famed distaff librarians, Belle da Costa Greene and Ruth Graniss of the Morgan Library and Grolier Club respectively.

In the original series, the owner may have at hand actual examples of the splendid work of Goudy's Village Press, William Edwin Rudge, the Pynson Printers, Spiral Press, Updike and Bruce Rogers, among many other modern fine printers. One signature is of hand-made paper from Dard Hunter's Mill at Lime Rock, Connecticut, and printed on by him; another is on "Punch Cutting and Wood Cutting" by Rudolph Koch and Fritz Kredel, printed on the Kling-spor Press in Germany; and still another is an essay on "Robinson Jeffer's 'First Book'" by Ward Ritchie.

Articles were written by some of the foremost authors of the day: "Early Adventures of Sister Carrie" by Theodore Dreiser; H. L. Mencken's "On Breaking Into Type"; "A Note to the Audience" by George Bernard Shaw. San Francisco printers are represented through the actual work of the Windsor Press, Taylor & Taylor and the Grabhorns, whose "The Pacific News" by George L. Harding is printed on blue paper. Grabhorn also did "Mug Books" by Oscar Lewis for the *Colophon*.

As I narrowed down to modern press books, the Roycroft Press went into the packing cases first. My small group of this typographical venture of Elbert Hubbard's is included in my library for both sentimental and proper reasons. His "Little Journeys" introduced me to many great names when I was still a teenager, and as I borrowed the full set of these journeys, volume by volume, from a circulating library I read them avidly. Later I came to speak disparagingly of these rather flamboyant imitations of William Morris, and scarcely admitted that I had ever been enamored of them, just as one conveniently forgets certain friends acquired during one's formative years. But in later years I have tended to give greater credit to the influence of Hubbard and his work, just as did Dard Hunter. In a *Colophon* article on Hubbard, Dard Hunter writes: "It is difficult to evaluate the influence that Elbert Hubbard's Roycroft Shop had upon this country. Hubbard certainly stimulated America's interest in printing and in books, and his contribution to the graphic arts should be regarded from this standpoint, rather than from any thought that the Roycroft Shop established any patterns worthy of being followed. Even if we do look upon the Roycroft publications as bizarre and lacking in craftsmanship, they had a place in the develop-

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ment of American printing and they should not be lightly dismissed as having served no useful purpose."

After reading that pronouncement from a man whose taste one must respect, perhaps I shall start filling out my Roycroft Press collection again. Much to my surprise, on the appearance of my Mosher book, *The Passionate Pirate*, several printing friends did suggest that I ought to tackle a similar book of bibliographical background and check list on Roycroft. However, there is a limit to one's responsibility as an amateur writer.

* * *

Recent Library Acquisitions

By ALBERT SPERISEN

Due to the unhappy fact (but most pleasant to the editor) that our last issues of the Quarterly carried more material than normal, there was no room for this section. Your reviewer regrets this since want of space did not allow us to record the death in London of Mr. Stanley Morison at the age of 78, on October 11, 1967. A good deal has already been written about this truly amazing man, who produced in his time some 200 books and learned papers on printers, printing, type and type-design. Members will recall that in 1959, the Club published his *Typographic Design in Relation to Photographic Composition*, a typical work in his field of erudition.

On the day after Morison's death, his most ambitious work, and probably his largest complete work on type was announced and reviewed in the Times Literary Supplement, using better than a page. This book, which the Club now happily owns, is *John Fell: The University Press and the Fell Types*. This large folio of 300 pages traces the history of these famed types through the Plantin Museum at Antwerp, the Imprimerie Nationale in Paris and the Enschede works in Holland—many of whose craftsmen contributed to the design and manufacture of these types. The book also contains the first full-length biography of that devout divine, Dr. John Fell, Vice-Chancellor of the University and Bishop of Oxford, who was responsible for these types. The book catalogues and illustrates all of the Fell letterforms and it is here printed in a re-casting from the original matrices at the Oxford University Press, who printed this great folio. The last

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chapter is a history of the rediscovery of these "lost" type faces and of their revival in the past hundred years.

This handsome and remarkable book was published for seventy dollars in an edition of one thousand copies only last October—and it is already out of print. To paraphrase Sir Francis Meynell who opened the exhibition for this book in London, "This exhibition and this book are a monument to Bishop Fell: they become no less a monument to Stanley Morison."

* * *

WITTER BYNNER

1881-1968

By the death of Witter Bynner at his Santa Fe home on June 1, the country lost a distinguished poet and the Club a friend of many years' standing. Bynner's long connection with the Club began while he was teaching at the University of California at Berkeley soon after the close of World War I. In 1929 the Club published his *The Persistence of Poetry*, which has been long out of print. He was made an Honorary Member in 1919.

Elected to Membership

The following have been elected since the publication of the Spring *News-Letter*:

<i>Member</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
Christopher Anagnostakis	Storrs, Conn.	Alfred L. Bush
Henry M. Balcom, Jr.	Belvedere	Mrs. Thomas Hamilton
Joseph A. Bosque	San Francisco	Membership Committee
B. J. Casoly	San Francisco	J. S. Holliday
Robert R. Celli, M.D.	San Rafael	W. Scott Polland, M.D.
Norman Coliver	San Francisco	Jane Wilson
Morris M. Doyle	Berkeley	Membership Committee
Charles G. Gant	Santa Ana	David Henson
Mrs. Robert H. Geer, Jr.	Woodland	W. Scott Polland, M.D.
George Gund	San Francisco	Robert Haines
James M. Hagerman	Santa Maria	Membership Committee
Fred Hale	San Francisco	Harry H. Kem

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Elected to Membership (continued)

<i>Member</i>	<i>Address</i>	<i>Sponsor</i>
Suzanne Hunter	San Francisco	Membership Committee
Dr. Torsten Husen	Stockholm, Sweden	Julius Barclay
Lee M. Hutchins II	Grand Rapids, Mich.	Warren R. Howell
Dr. James H. Inglis	Palo Alto	H. Glenn Lutge
Konrad Kerst	Belmont	Rebecca Hayden
William R. Lawson, M.D.	Vallejo	Donovan J. McCune, M.D.
Anthony L. Lehman	Claremont	Glen Dawson
James F. Leisy	Belmont	Rebecca Hayden
Mrs. P. H. Lucier	San Francisco	Mrs. R. F. Ferguson
Allen E. Meier	San Francisco	Mrs. Walter Heller
Dorothy Chesbro Ronald	Monterey	Robert K. Byers
Eugene N. Salmon	Carmichael	Michael Harrison
Ruth M. Wilson	San Francisco	Michael Harrison
Carl F. Yuenger	Denver, Colorado	Fred Rosenstock
Norwalk Public Library	Norwalk	Los Angeles County Library
Sonoma State College Library	Rohnert Park	Membership Committee
Santa Clara County Library	San Jose	Membership Committee
McKeldin Library, University of Maryland	College Park, Maryland	Membership Committee

New Sustaining Members

The two classifications of membership above Regular Memberships are Patron Memberships, \$100 a year, and Sustaining Memberships, \$30 a year. The following have changed from Regular Memberships to one of the other classifications.

Patron Member

Stephen R. Harris Piedmont

Sustaining Member

Mrs. Hans Barkan San Francisco

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Notes on Publications

THE FALL BOOK will be a biography of the Club's charter member and first President, Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor. Dr. Taylor was a fascinating character who was successively, and to a large extent successfully, a printer, attorney-at-law, doctor of medicine, poet, law school teacher and dean, and an organizer of hospitals and libraries. In addition, he was Mayor of San Francisco during the tumultuous time of the graft trials; Dr. Taylor has well been called a Renaissance man. He was part of the cultural and intellectual ferment of the 1890's and early 1900's, and was an intimate of such men as the artist William Keith and the philosopher-economist Henry George.

Taylor was greatly interested in fine printing and was the father of Edward DeWitt and Henry H. Taylor, whose firm during its life produced several books for the Club and was noted for its pioneer work in fine printing in the West.

While Taylor left important marks in the fields of law and medicine, he took the greatest pride in his activities as a poet. He was an outgoing personality and enthusiastic in spirit, but in his poetry displayed a brooding concern with the problems of life and death.

Kenneth M. Johnson is the author, and the book is being designed and printed by Lawton and Alfred Kennedy. We believe that the book has three separate appeals: first, as an entertaining story; secondly, as source material on an interesting and important man and his period; and lastly, as an example of the printer's art at its best. The volume also contains illustrations not heretofore reproduced, including a most unusual photographic portrait of Taylor by Keith.



"THE PLEASURE OF YOUR COMPANY . . . R. S. V. P."

The 1968 Keepsakes series is now in press at the Fairfax shop of Arlen Philpott. It will feature reproductions of twelve invitations to early California and Nevada dances and balls. These cards, often elaborately printed and decorated, recall gay times of the 1850's and 1860's, some at booming mining camps that have long since disappeared.

The invitations, most of them unique copies, have been selected for the series by Mr. M. C. Nathan of San Rafael from his own superb collection. Many of Mr. Nathan's cards were among those assembled by the late

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Robert E. Cowan. Mr. Nathan, who was co-editor of the "Early California Mail Bag" series of 1960, has also written the texts to accompany the invitations. His lively and informative comments on the persons, events, and places mentioned on the cards, though based on extensive research, remain refreshingly informal. We'll see you at the ball!

Gallimaufry

AFTER READING the Summer 1968 *News-Letter* article by Madeleine B. Stern, "Two Letters from the Sophisticates of Santa Cruz," our Vice-President, Dr. Albert Shumate, writes: "May I mention that the Yerba Buena Chapter of E Clampus Vitus has an 'Auxiliary' composed of lovely ladies who have an annual frolic. This group was named by X Noble Grand Humbug George Harding, The 'Eliza W. Farnham Art, Garden and Literary Circle.'"

Dr. Shumate also notes: "In the 1963 Book Club Keepsake Series, *California Governmental Seals*, Kenneth M. Johnson writes regarding the San Francisco seal, 'The style of the two San Francisco seals suggests that they were both engraved if not drawn by Albert Kuner.' Recently I read in the San Francisco *Herald* of January 25, 1853, 'San Francisco has at length a corporate seal. The design, which was executed by Mr. Kuner, a German residing on Washington St. . . .' Kenneth Johnson is certainly correct!"

* * *

FROM THE ADAGIO PRESS, the private press of member Leonard F. Bahr, comes a handsome pamphlet containing notes on work in progress plus a list of its publications in print. Adagio turns out some of the most elegant of private-press productions. Copy of the list may still be available; interested members should write Mr. Bahr, 19972 Lochmoor Drive, Harper Woods, Michigan 48236.

Book Reviews

THE COMPLEAT JANE GRABHORN. A Hodge-Podge of Typographic Ephemera. . . . San Francisco, Grabhorn-Hoyem, 1968. (x), 77 pp. \$25.00.

It has been said that Thomas C. Russell, one of San Francisco's earliest (and I am told most cantankerous) fine printers, once set a whole book without the use of a hyphen. Such a *tour-de-force*, if it is true, is like carving cherry stones, as Browning rather unkindly said of Austin Dobson's verse, and I mention it here only because Jane Grabhorn, another of San Francisco's fine printers (but not a cantankerous one, I hasten to add), also has

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(or had) a detestation of hyphens. The difference between the two craftsmen lay in the spirit with which each expressed his or her hatred of this small expedient. Russell must have spent many hours struggling to get his effect; Jane Grabhorn merely ignored the whole thing and ran the final letters of a word on to the next line with no hiccupping hyphen to impede the flow of her thoughts. For she composed most of her early printing efforts directly on the stick, letting the chips literally fall as they might. Indeed, she advises thus:*

Do not like mimicking memory-doped moppets chanting 'i before e except after c' waste precious hours syllablizing and wrinkling your pretty brows. Now that the first shock is over do you not read this with normal ease? (allright allright, but Gutenberg himself had his troubles). A summary of this tenet now follows in simple jingle form for the youngsters:

Rape your words without shame or abash—
For a hyphen is at best an emasculated dash—
A lionhearted printer you had better be
And let the letters fall according to their destiny.

As you will notice Jane has an equal dislike of the comma. In a poem addressed to this reviewer and reprinted in this book (p. 60) she apostrophizes thus her aversion to most punctuation:

Dear David:
Colons big and colons small—
Why oh why do you love them all;
Of colons full and colons semi
Why do you have to have so many;
Oh let's find a purge for this terrible urge
Oh let's get a cure for this literature.
A clyster for your colon, David Magee;
This seems indicated to me.
A pox on your periods, David Magee:
They come so fast and so frequently;
I'd like to do a Carrie Nation
On your idea of punctuation.

*A Typographic Discourse. . . . 1937.

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The two samples quoted above will give the reader an idea of the *joie-de-vivre* that runs through *The Compleat Jane Grabhorn*. It is a light-hearted book, a wicked and irreverent (in the best sense of the words) book, a book of fun-poking at friends and relations. The great and the small are equal targets for her wit. True, its publication will in no way affect the world, but in a world torn by strife and distress is it not pleasant to lose one's self, if only briefly, in the enjoyment of such a book?

To pick out a favorite plum in so rich a cake is difficult. I remember reading with great relish Jane's privately-printed interview in 1938 with Frederic Goudy at Big Ben's Fish Grotto. I laughed then and on rereading it thirty years later in this book I laughed again. I was much relieved, for humor is a dangerous thing to sample a second time after so long a period. Then there are the letters from the convent school written at the age of eight to her family, the apostrophes to her husband, Robert, to Sherwood Grover, long-time pressman at the Grabhorn Press, to Florence Walter—to a host of other friends. And all a delight.

Physically *The Compleat Jane Grabhorn* is just what a book of ephemera (for that is what it is) should be. Printed by Grabhorn-Hoyem in gay colors, with pull-outs of broadsides in a variety of types, here is a volume to charm the eye.

The edition is limited to only 400 copies and it would be no surprise to this reviewer to see it sailing merrily out of print in a very short time.

DAVID MAGEE

ADRIAN WILSON, *The Design of Books*. New York, Reinhold, and London, Studio Vista, 1968. 160 pp. \$15.00.

Fellow member Adrian Wilson, printer and book designer *par excellence*, has written and had published, at the beginning of the year, a very superior book on our ancient and honorable craft, *The Design of Books*. Seldom does a book of instruction offer so clearly and succinctly (apart from practical procedures) historical examples and contemporary practice, as well as his own and others' methods of approach. For instance, the author has uncovered and gives illustrations and explanations of manuscript pages of the *Nuremberg Chronicle* (1493) which constitute, inasmuch as spaces for and rough drafts of the illustrations as indicated, a layout, or design.

It is not our premise that the reading of this book could make a book designer out of a neophyte—a typographer out of a tyro—no matter how

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eager and talented the newcomer; but certainly it would be of far greater assistance than any book of its kind that has come to the attention of this printer-designer; and I think it could be read with profit by any practicing artist, or lover of books. In its pages one might find, for instance, some sort of answer to the perennial complicated question, What makes a fine book FINE? For these reasons one wishes the book were longer and that more of the author's personal prejudices and enthusiasms were included, with less modesty and restraint. Also, despite the numerous fine illustrations, it would have been wonderful if the book itself had been printed in the so-called Fine Press tradition, and the half-tone illustrations supplanted by letterpress wherever possible; although we realize that, considering the primary purpose of the volume, this was not practical.

R. G.



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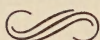
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